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THE

Commonweal

A EUROPEAN VIEW:

Church-State Relations

by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The Bracero Story

by Anthony Soto

One Man's Family

by Edward L. Rousseau

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE . . . . . *by Alice Ellen Mayhew*
A LOVER OF WAR . . . . . *by Nora Magid*
NAKED REALISM . . . . . *by Thomas F. Curley*

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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CHURCH AND STATE

ELSEWHERE in this issue Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn discusses Church-State relations from a European point of view. As he would be the first to note, it is obviously impossible to do full justice to such a complicated subject in the relatively limited amount of space that was available to him. Nonetheless, we think it very useful for Americans to see Church-State problems through European eyes, even in abbreviated form.

It should not be necessary to argue that all of us can learn from the experiences of other nations. In this connection, Americans who are not Catholics should, we think, read Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's remarks on parochial schools and "double taxation" with particular attention. The United States has never known the bitter religious divisions of Europe, but more and more American Catholics are growing restive over what they see as a serious injustice on the school question, and this matter deserves serious consideration by their non-Catholic neighbors. Further, we believe that the increasingly obvious lack of religious education among otherwise well-educated people is a source of growing concern for Catholics, Protestants and Jews, and those who are concerned with education cannot reasonably ignore this fact. On this score Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's stress on the diversity of possible solutions open to us in the field of education should be helpful.

With this much said, we would be less than candid if we failed at the same time to record our conviction that European commentaries on Church-State problems frequently leave much to be desired. We are quite willing to grant that Church-State relations in countries like Denmark, Spain or Italy are undoubtedly more complicated than most Americans are prepared to admit, but we would also suggest that the solutions arrived at in those countries are clearly not without drawbacks of their own. And if it is true that Americans are not as ready as they should be to learn from others on this subject, we think it is also true that many European observers consistently misread and misinterpret the American pattern of Church-State relations. And this is unfortunate, for the American experience has produced valuable lessons for those who will take the trouble to learn them.

Why is the American pattern of Church-State relations so often misunderstood by European observers? Part of the reason, we fear, may be found in an anti-American bias on the part of European intellectuals—a bias, we think, that needs no demonstration here. The American tourist in Europe is traditionally an easy target, and it requires no particular acumen to score some devastating hits on him. Similarly, the "two hundred and fifty per cent American Catholics" who, in Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's words, "preach the Gospel of Separation" in Europe are easy enough to satirize. But that this is so should not make Catholic intellectuals in Europe think they necessarily understand the history or theory of Church-State relations in this country, any more than the ability to caricature an American tourist indicates a serious grasp of the nature of American society.

INFORMED and responsible American Catholic commentators on Church-State relations do not "assume that other nations consist of Americans who merely happen to speak another language." Conversely, American Catholics can only feel deep discouragement when European Catholics assume that Americans are Europeans who persist in speaking a different language. Although we do think many countries could profitably study the

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American experience in Church-State relations, it would be foolish for American Catholics to say that the American system would work best in every country in the world. Outside of the never-never land of tourist caricature, though, what Catholic thinker in America says so?

Unfortunately, in discussing these questions European Catholic commentators often betray an obvious unfamiliarity with American history and a serious failure to understand our national traditions. An American who refers to ours as a pluralistic society, for example, is using the term in a special sense, despite Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's comment that Europe's middle zone is in many respects more pluralistic than America. For if America's roots are European, this *is* the New World, and our experience is not the European experience.

Here we agree completely with the point made by Father John Courtney Murray when he wrote: "As it arose in America, the problem of pluralism was unique in the modern world, chiefly because pluralism was the native condition of American society. It was not, as in Europe and England, the result of a disruption or decay of a previously existent religious unity. This fact created the possibility of a new solution; indeed, it created a demand for a new solution. The possibility was exploited and the demand was met by the American Constitution."

That American Constitution represents, not an essay in abstract political thought, but a pragmatic attempt to deal with practical problems on a new basis. The reasoning behind the document involves a sharp distinction between Society and the State, a distinction Catholics should recognize and rejoice in, and the final product is the charter for a government of sharply limited powers, perhaps most particularly on questions involving religion.

Nothing in the modern tug of war between God and Caesar is calculated to make us change our views on the wisdom of this approach. The original determination of the Founding Fathers to restrict the power of the State has, we think, served us well, and Catholics in the United States would be as reluctant as other Americans to alter the State's role. No Catholic would deny that the "total Separation" which Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn speaks of "in the long run can oust the Church from the national scene." But the point is that it is a misreading of the American situation to imagine that "total Separation," in the European sense of a laicized, anti-clerical State, actually exists or is likely to exist in the future.

There are in the United States citizens of doctrinaire secularist views who would like to see the First Amendment interpreted in terms of a "total Separation" that would enlist the State against the cause of religion. There are Protestants who would like to see the First Amendment interpreted as a postscript to Luther's ninety-five theses. There are Catholics who would like to see the First Amendment interpreted without any regard for subtleties about non-establishment. There are, in short, many differing interpretations of the meaning of the First Amendment, and at one time one view could seem to have the upper hand and at another time a different one. But at no time do we have "Establishment" and at no time do we have "total Separation" in Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn's meaning of the phrase. We have, rather, something that is peculiarly our own, something that quite eludes the classic European vocabulary on Church-State. Whatever one's own interpretation of the First Amendment, we all have good reason to feel that the American system—with all its drawbacks and limitations—is one that works and works well.

BENSON'S NEW PROGRAM

WHEN Ezra Taft Benson became Secretary of Agriculture back in 1953, he was convinced that government commodity supports should be lowered, and that the American farmer should become much less dependent upon the government. He has stuck firmly to those convictions despite the risk of losing many votes. Now, with the farm bloc less of a cohesive force in Congress, he has again affirmed his convictions. The five-point Administration farm program he has expounded at a major press conference is to be presented to Congress early next year.

Perhaps this is a move to anticipate a reaction to year-end figures that will show larger surpluses, heavier storage costs and record Department expenditures by blaming the situation on Congressional rejection of Benson policies. But this call for a change comes when large segments of the public should be unusually receptive. The increasing cost of maintaining crop supports stands out in a hard-pressed national budget. And, coupled with prospects of record crops and still higher wheat and corn surpluses, there is word that national farm income itself has dropped close to its lowest mark in fifteen years. Is not the conclusion plausible that the present system should be drastically revised?

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All along Mr. Benson has wanted things to be more businesslike. Again he calls for the retirement of marginal farms from cultivation. He seeks to balance lower crop prices by training farmers and farm workers for jobs in industry which will bring them higher living standards. He contends that the 1910-1914 basis for parity (the amounts farm produce would buy in those relatively stable years) is no longer valid; instead he would base his percentages for government crop supports on the average market prices of the last three years—inevitably a lower figure.

Other features of the program are rather familiar. The idea of finding new industrial uses and new markets for American farm products goes back to the farm troubles of the 1930's and another Republican Administration. The "Food for Peace" idea is comparatively new and has already surmounted a variety of obstacles to alleviate human need in other countries. Long-range soil conservation would seem to be increasingly important in a world anxious about its future ability to feed its expanding population.

The present scale of crop benefits, while no longer at the peak, continues to encourage surplus production even with the new limitation on the size of crop loans that can be made to any farm or single farming corporation. Better strains and efficient mechanization make it possible for ever fewer people to produce greater crops: American farm population has actually decreased by a third in the past two decades, while two million farms have gone out of operation. Under the present support system the larger annual surpluses make larger government expenditures inevitable—surplus storage alone now costs taxpayers a million and a half dollars a day.

Moreover, farm commodity prices have dropped thirteen per cent during the past ten years; yet the market price of things not produced on the farm has advanced by twenty-eight per cent. Hence an important sector of the American economy is threatened by a program in which lower farm prices would play a major role. Is it not possible that, as it is, declining farm prices have something to do with the latest predictions of another recession in 1961?

In a regulated, protected and partially subsidized economy such as ours, the farmer requires considerable protection. The task is to devise new methods which will provide him with an adequate income for the vital food and fiber he produces and supplant the present ineffective, unwieldy and increasingly costly support mechanism.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR

BY HIS INCLUSION of Tunisia and Spain in the already impressive list of countries he plans to visit, President Eisenhower has renewed discussion about the merits of his venture in personal diplomacy. As General Eisenhower and as the President of the United States, he will, of course, bring with him prestige unequaled by any other political figure of today. It has been widely assumed, with some reason, that his person and prestige will bolster and support those countries which are feeling the strain of current political and economic pressures.

If the President is to shore up the position of the Western powers, it is clear that Turkey and Greece, India and Pakistan as well as those countries even more closely associated with the West deserve a place on the President's itinerary. A brief visit, even by the President of the United States, is clearly no substitute for prolonged discussion and negotiation. But it may smooth over some mutual problems and lead to a fruitful understanding of those issues which separate us. It may allow the allied powers to speak to the Communist powers with a stronger and more united voice than they now can. This is the major justification for the demanding task the President has taken upon himself.

If one tests the value of a visit to Spain by the same principles it is difficult to see how the trip can be justified. We have, of necessity, entered into agreements with Spain, agreements which can be defended in terms of the legitimate self-interest of the larger community. But it would be foolhardy to say that Franco's Spain can be regarded in the same light as other countries with which we maintain friendly relations.

Spain is not a NATO member, nor a member of the U.N., nor is she usually regarded as a part of the "free world." Furthermore, the regime of Generalissimo Franco, as even its defenders must recognize, is abhorred by many Latin American countries about whose interests we are becoming increasingly concerned. When Mr. Eisenhower goes to Madrid, he will, therefore, lend his prestige to a ruler to whom many of our friends and allies are hostile, a ruler who is not merely indifferent but inimical to much that we honor in the phrase "democratic principles." The benefits, tangible or intangible, that the U.S. will receive in return are not evident.

Why, then, has Spain been added to the President's tour? The N. Y. *Times,* in supporting the

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tour, said: "Many of us do not think of Generalissimo Franco as an example of human freedom. Nevertheless, we do have a friendly feeling toward the Spanish people, as we do toward the people of India and Pakistan and our closer allies in Europe. In so far as this world is divided between the tyranny of Communism and the regimes that are free or may become free, we have a bond that runs through the world."

This may be the best defense that can be offered, but it is curious indeed. We might well say that we have a friendly feeling toward the people of the Dominican Republic, but would we show it by honoring the dictator who oppresses them? It is true that, in opposing the great threat of the Communist world we may be forced into unpleasant alliances, but must we act as if we are united in a common bond with every regime that may, in time, become free?

That the President's visit will work to the advantage of the Franco regime is inevitable. If any doubts existed they should be thoroughly dissipated by the use to which news of the visit has already been put. For it has been hailed in Madrid not only as support for Franco's present policies but as an admission that past criticisms have been unfair and useless. By this single act our entire past foreign policy has thus been called into question.

In doubting here the wisdom of the visit to Spain there is no question of an abstract moralism. We must sometimes deal with countries and with rulers for whom we have little relish. But if we do so, we must do it with clear recognition of the dangers and the advantages, and in the interest of some larger good that may prevail. There is no immediately obvious reason for the President to confront Franco, or Madrid would have been initially included in the tour. And it is not easy to see the advantages that will outweigh the marked disadvantages. At the very least, one must regretfully conclude, the President will begin his journey with his prestige already dimmed in the eyes of many of his hosts.

CRANBERRIES, ANYONE?

IF WE'RE lucky, this last year of the frantic fifties may go down in history as nothing worse than the Year of the Cranberry Panic. But, trifling as it may seem in comparison with our global and national headaches, the cranberry scare is no inconsiderable item to the nation's health, economic well-being and governmental order.

When Secretary Flemming announced that part of the 1958 and 1959 cranberry crop from Washington and Oregon was contaminated by a weedkiller, and went on to recommend that housewives be "on the safe side" and not buy any berries, he virtually stopped all sales of this year's fifty million dollar crop. Testing is now underway, and cranberries found to be safe may still find their way to storekeepers' shelves in time for Thanksgiving; but it seems inevitable that cranberry interests will, even at best, suffer a serious financial loss.

One result of the cranberry confusion is to spotlight conflicting and disorganized activity by the Department of Agriculture, which approved the weedkiller, and the Food and Drug Administration, which refused to endorse it under any circumstances. It is said that the decision to seize the contaminated berries came as a complete surprise to Agriculture and other interested agencies, and this lack of communication has prompted a demand for better integrated, more efficient administration of government bureaus. This development, at least, is surely no cause for regret.

There is, however, debate over the rightness or wrongness of the condemnation announcement itself. Perhaps, as has been charged, Secretary Flemming did act hastily, and perhaps the wording of his warning did tend to punish the innocent berries along with the guilty. But there is much to be said in his defense. First of all, the arguments advanced by the cranberry growers were hardly reassuring. Mr. Flemming had hardly concluded his message of caution when cranberry spokesmen countered with an extraordinary three-part rebuttal: that the chemical weedkiller is perfectly harmless, that cranberry growers had stopped using it years ago, that the contaminated berries could easily be separated from the safe ones. Logic such as this arouses more skepticism than confidence.

Furthermore, there is a familiar ring to the claim that the poisonous effect of the chemical on humans has yet to be proved, although the cancer-inducing effect on rats is acknowledged. This is the *laissez-faire* argument which the Food and Drug Administration has been battling for years—and which it won only very recently. Until this year, the Administration could not prevent the use of any drug or chemical unless it had actual proof of its harmful effect on humans, and the accumulation of such case studies often took years—not to mention human suffering, if not death. That Secretary Flemming leaned over in the direction of public health and welfare is not to his discredit, we think, in the light of previous experience.

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A European View:

Church-State Relations

A European Catholic gives his reactions to current American debates on Church and State

by ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IT IS INSTRUCTIVE to compare the relationship between Church and State in Europe's denominationally mixed "midriff" with that which obtains between Church and State in the "American system." Only in the light of such a comparison can one understand the European reaction to these "problems" which so stir the American electorate.

Church and State have always "co-existed" in a greater or lesser tension which, in the remote past, hardly affected the Faith as such. Emperor and Pope, Ghibellines and Guelphs express a polarity, a system of checks and balances, which assured our liberty in the past. Yet, looking at the entire record, we also realize that, basically, the words of St. Augustine about the "helpless Church" *(inops Ecclesia)* always remained true. The "power of the Church" is largely recognized as a bogey today. A "powerful Church" could be imagined only in democracies where a socially decapitated laity would be strongly attached to a clergy that has taken over the function of the First *and* Second Estate. These cases are rare indeed.

Less well realized than the spoliation of the Church during the Reformation are the equally large confiscations by "Catholic" governments in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—a "backward" period in which the more devious method of ruinous taxation had not yet been invented. The confiscation of ecclesiastical property and the settlements between the Church and the State (usually laid down in Concordats) resulted in a revolutionary innovation: the state-salaried clergy, still the rule in some free Catholic nations, and almost a standard pattern in the Protestant countries.

The Church herself officially always insisted (and, in a way continues to insist) on cooperation between herself and the State. The basis of such a stand is the very tangible stake the Church has in a variety of domains in which the modern State tends to legislate and to administrate, in the fields of education and marriage, for instance. Thus the Church in Europe, facing all this realistically, is trying to come to contractual agreements defining the respective spheres. Her stand in this matter, as we see, is prudential and by no means dogmatic.

One must not assume, of course, that "cooperation" implies "establishment." The local branches of the Catholic Church, as a matter of fact, do not lend themselves to becoming "State Churches" for the simple reason that the Catholic Church, whose center is in Rome, is supra-national. The "State-Church" in her genuine form is an essentially non-Catholic (Anglican, Evangelical, Schismatic) phenomenon. It exists primarily in nations where the head of the State and the head of the Church are or were identical (Britain, Sweden, or Old Russia where the Emperor was also the head of the local Lutheran Church). This is nowhere the case in the *Orbis Catholicus*. The identity of Church and State would be the very end of our Catholicity.

THE FORMS of Church-State relationship in Europe are, very roughly, the following ones: Establishment (always with preferential treatment, but not necessarily exclusive in state support); Collaboration (with or without preferential aids); Recognition and Separation (subject to various interpretations). It should be recorded right here that diplomatic relations with the Vatican State are never considered a violation of the principle of Separation, as a preferential treatment or a sign of deference to the Church. Diplomatic ties between the Vatican and States harboring only tiny Catholic minorities, like Finland, elicit no religious comment; they are considered only as political expediencies.

Establishment in the strict sense survives only in Iceland, Greenland, Sweden, Norway, Britain and in certain Swiss cantons (Zurich, for instance). Even if

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, the Austrian novelist and political writer, is currently en route to the Far East.

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there is in these nations full freedom for Catholic propaganda, the Catholics as citizens (or taxpayers) are discriminated against in one way or another. Such discrimination (of non-Catholics) does not exist legally in either Spain or Italy, but there the Catholic Church as such is treated preferentially, involving limitations for other religious bodies. In countries like Germany, Austria, several Swiss cantons, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Finland and Denmark, we can speak of a plurality of denominations fully cooperating with the State and deriving benefits from it—as well as indirectly bestowing spiritual advantages or administrative services on these respective nations. In France alone we have "Separation."

It is, naturally, quite impossible to draw even a short sketch of all the actual Church-State relationships in Europe, which Continent we ought to divide into three zones: homogeneous Scandinavia, the Mixed Middle and the solid Mediterranean. Eliminating the Far North and the Deep South we restrict ourselves to the "pluralist midriff" and merely note a few traits.

FRANCE NOT only has had Separation since 1905, but also laws against religious orders, laws which are rapidly falling into oblivion. Religious instruction in public primary schools is strictly outlawed, though the Catholic private and parochial schools *(écoles libres)* receive indirect State aid through a bonus given to parents who make no use of the public schools for their children. The bonus is cashable by private schools only. Thus the French State, thanks to the *Loi Barangé* (1951), helps French parents and not Catholic schools. (An improvement of this arrangement is in the offing.)

The continued double taxation of Catholics would have ended without the promulgation of the Barangé law in tax strikes and violence if not in something far worse. The tension in Western France, indeed, had become critical. Not less interesting is the situation in the *lycées* (public high school-colleges) where an *aumônier,* a priest, teaches the verities of religion. His subject is not obligatory for the students, but the vast majority attends.

In this matter the French State takes the attitude that, while remaining indifferent to the spiritual life of the *lycéens,* it must give them an opportunity to become acquainted with the history, the liturgy and the teaching of the Church which has fashioned the basic outlook and the institutions of France and the whole Western World. Studying at such a university, they will not ignorantly believe that Pascal was an early liberal, assume that Montalembert fought for democracy or think the Immaculate Conception is just another term for the Virginity of Our Lady.

Yet while the trend in France is to drop the narrow interpretations of Separation, there is no *laicisme* in the rest of free Mid-Europe. The Germans, for instance, have Catholic, Evangelical and Christian Common Schools, all of a "public" character. Yet even the Christian Common School separates periodically the classes which then simultaneously receive instruction in the two or (where there are Jews) in the three Faiths. These teaching priests, ministers and rabbis become fully paid members of the faculties. Austria, to all practical purposes, has only the Christian Common School.

The situation in every Swiss canton is different. In Zürich, for instance, the Catholic minority has to establish schools on its own and has to finance them, a condition which is considered scandalous. The desire of the parents for a religious education—whatever their own convictions—is very strong. A Gallup-Poll in Austria revealed that eighty-two per cent of the Communist voters stand for "religion in the public school."

THE PRINCIPLE, in all these matters, is never a nihilistic "equality," but Ulpian's maxim *Suum cuique,* to everybody his due. In the Netherlands, for instance, the Catholics have their own school-system (with a small number of non-Catholics attending). The Church builds the schools, but it receives from the State a fixed rate per child which is the same as that for public or Calvinist institutions. (Forty-six per cent of all Dutch children go to these Catholic schools.) The treatment of Catholic education in Calvinist "Presbyterian" Scotland, in Lutheran Denmark and Finland is also exemplary.

Yet whereas the clergy in Spain, Italy, Scandinavia, Iceland and Finland is state-salaried, the German and Austrian system—after the ratification of the expropriation—rests on Church taxes (one per cent of the net income). These monies originally were levied directly by the Church, which had the right to invoke the secular arm if recalcitrants refused to pay. As one would expect, the Church rarely requested State intervention. The Church Tax in Germany now figures on the pay checks as a puny weekly (or monthly) item next to the various secular taxes, thus "hurting nobody."

Religious minorities (between five and forty-six per cent) exist everywhere in "Mid-Europe" and in this area the governments go out of their way to give them every imaginable option. State and Society cooperate on that score. Thus the Evangelicals in Austria not only have state-financed religious instruction in public schools, full-scale theology departments in two out of our three universities but they are exempt from work on Good Friday and Reformation Day for which they draw full salaries and wages. And they constitute only six per cent of the population. Jewish children are not obliged to write or to draw on Saturdays and they are released from school on all their feasts.

What then are the Mid-European reactions to the

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American System? We are here merely trying to report what might be called the average view of an admittedly small number of observers who, obviously, are alien to certain basic, if hidden American concepts.

WHAT STRIKES them, first of all, is the fact that the legal-constitutional debate on Church-State relationship rarely refers to non-American patterns. Here the United States seem to be reaffirming its psychological status of a *Grossinsel,* whereas the geographic factor forces Europeans constantly to draw not only historical but also national analogies. Europeans, moving ceaselessly in time and space, thus avoid becoming *bombinantes in vacuo.*

The second aspect of the situation attracting special Mid-European attention is America's strong conservatism. Our nations do not rest on the Common Law, our traditions are repeatedly broken and canceled, regulations or even Constitutions are changed overnight—or blissfully ignored if they have become obsolete. (The laws against the religious orders are still on the French statute books, but who would dare to dissolve the *collèges* run by them in broad daylight?) America's First Amendment, to our mind, is clearly directed against Establishment and not against Cooperation. If the current interpretation has become a tradition, a tradition that is a hidebound obstacle in the path of equity, it simply ought to be scrapped.

Thirdly, there is the realization that the principle of "total separation" (unless we accept totalitarianism), at least in some respects, cannot but remain a dead letter. Even the U. S. Army and Navy employ salaried chaplains. God figures on American coins and official oaths are taken on the Bible. Thus total Separation has already gone overboard. American governmental intervention in religious matters is by no means something unheard of: witness the persecution of Mormon Fundamentalists to whom polygamy certainly is an "indirect duty" and not just a "concession to sensuality."

Fourth, there is what Europeans regard as the colossal inequity and injustice of a double taxation for all those who want a well-integrated religious instruction. The meekness and patience of American Catholics create amazement, their spirit of sacrifice enormous admiration. Our observers, who are convinced that no religious minority in the Free World gets a rougher deal than the American Catholics (who answer this challenge effectively and magnificently in a Toynbeean sense, I would add!), figure out how the monies could be used for several other purposes. In light of the debate on Catholic anti-intellectualism, they might, for instance, be better invested in graduate schools or provide Catholic universities with full departments of theology as Pope Pius XI urged repeatedly. (He called a university without a theological faculty a *corpus sicut obtruncatum.)*

Fifth, there is a general belief that the American system (as that of France) inevitably leads some people to drift away from the Church. Religiously inactive parents (especially of mixed Faith) tend to send their children to public schools, which are free of religious instruction and thus their offspring drift into total disbelief. Public instruction in most free Continental countries imparts, at least, a minimum of religious values.

Sixth, most European observers are by no means certain that Separation is a panacea for numerous ills and inevitably a force for the good, as many Catholic Americans claim it to be. Here Mr. Will Herberg and Dean Sperry's "two hundred fifty per cent American Catholics," who sometimes preach the Gospel of Separation in Europe, undoubtedly have a few points in favor of their position, but they usually assume that other nations consist of Americans who merely happen to speak another language. Such spokesmen are enthusiastically spreading among us a number of myths.

THERE IS, for instance, the myth that Separation prevents encroachments of the State on the Church. The fact remains, however, that, in a number of American States, the civil laws and regulations can decide effectively whether a Sacrament—the Sacrament of Marriage—can be administered. Since, as Proudhon has insisted, the State is by its very nature "annexationist," total Separation in the long run can oust the Church from the national scene and be used as an effective weapon against her.

There is also the myth that Separation is necessitated by a "pluralistic society," yet Europe's middle zone from France to Romania has a society divided by religious factors and which is, in many other respects, more pluralistic than America's.

There is the myth that a people must pay for their Church in order to feel that they have a stake in her, but this sense of financial proprietorship in the light of the knowledge of human nature is quite debatable. (Are children really feeling greater affection for their parents when, later in their lives, they have the "privilege" of supporting them—in Old Age Homes?)

There is the myth that active State support will automatically result in State control of the Church, but Europe has the finest tradition of biting the hand which feeds it. (Cardinal Galen had a State salary, but never tired attacking the Nazi mob-masters just as, in Spain, Cardinal Segura never ceased calling Franco names.)

There is the myth that great spiritual benefits derive from Separation; it culminates in the famous tale that Separation accounts first and foremost for the widespread discipline and practice of the Faith in America. Yet the Separationists can prove their case

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as little as the few surviving Gallicans and Josephinists, who claim that a super-Establishment results in general sanctity and piety. France has regions of high practice (with, incidentally, the highest rate in cooperationist Alsace-Lorraine) and areas of spiritual drought. So has Spain, so Italy, so Austria. The Canadian Provinces know a variety of forms of cooperation, but nobody in his senses would insinuate that Canada is a religious wasteland. For some odd reason there exists a curious trend in the United States to use as a potential means of comparison not the Northern neighbor or Europe's mixed Zone, from whom one might sometimes learn with profit, but rather some forgotten corners of Christendom, in faraway tropic or subtropic climes.

I would be lacking in candor if, now speaking for myself, I were to conceal my own surprise while perusing the rich literature of American controversy dealing with Church-State relationships. The impression is one of naive earnestness, legalism, and—above all—of tremendous fear, jealousy and envy among so many non-Catholic authors. Reading the pronouncement of a contributor to a recent symposium on parochial schools: "Let's defend the *rights* of parents, but the family must pay for this *privilege*" (our italics), one really is nonplussed.

Surely an organization like the P.O.A.U. could be imagined only in the Arctic or African regions of Europe, in Lapland or Calabria, yet even there it has no equivalent. Pluralism, we feel, demands a personalist order; it must be answered not with the language of equality replete with don'ts, denials and penalties, but with the generous fulfillment of individual longings and their legitimate dreams. As long as the United States treats her agnostics as privileged citizens, she will have no moral chance to present herself to the world as the champion of equity and justice.

ACT I: EMPALME

The Bracero Story

by ANTHONY SOTO

THE BRACERO story has not yet been fully told—at least to the American public. And yet, especially in the West, the bracero increasingly forms the bulk of the labor force that harvests the fruits and vegetables and the cotton fabrics of daily use. He is called a bracero because of the Spanish word "brazo" or arm. He is here to bolster American agriculture. But the human story is one that should see the light of day. It begins at Empalme.

Empalme is normally a small community in the state of Sonora, Mexico. Ever since the railroad was introduced into this part of the country it has been an important railroad center, its economy revolving entirely around the Southern Pacific of Mexico. But now it has a new merchandise: the bracero. It is here that the Mexican farm laborer becomes an American field hand through the medium of the U.S. Contracting Center at the edge of town.

This is not a story of a few impoverished, foreign workers, imported temporarily into this country to be ill-housed, ill-fed and ill-paid. They number close to 500,000 brought yearly into this country from Mexico, and it is a system that began with Pearl Harbor. The temporary labor shortage in American agriculture occasioned by the war ended long ago, but the number of braceros imported has increased from the initial 40,000 yearly in 1942 to the present 500,000. In prosperous Southern California a typical bracero will work nine hours a day, six days a week and get a take-home pay of about $27 for the week's work. Few Americans could raise a family on that. And yet the agreement between the United States and Mexico says that the bracero is not to undermine the American wage level.

The U.S. government, in agreement with Mexico, has set up three or four centers in Mexico where men may be contracted for entry into the United States. Empalme, which processes them for the Far West and Southwest, takes in the largest number. Over 150,000 go into California alone through this gate.

THEORETICALLY, this is the way it works: a man must first get his name on the official "list" at Empalme before he can be contracted. The principal method is to get a letter of recommendation from his local city authorities, i.e., from the Presidente of the "Municipal." Armed with this letter he goes at his own expense from his pueblo hundreds of miles away to

Father Anthony Soto, O.F.M., is at San Luis Rey College, California. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.

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Empalme, where he proceeds to wait for his name to be called. This may take days, weeks, and even months before he hears his name come over the loudspeaker. A more recent way of getting on the list is to work for at least fifteen days for the cotton growers in the area. They can also issue a letter which will get him on the list.

Once his name is called he is processed in turn by the U.S. Department of Labor and the U.S. Immigration Service. He is also given a medical check and goes through a series of functionaries who do a great deal of paperwork on him. He then awaits his train to El Centro, California or Nogales, Arizona. From here he is assigned to work for the various farmers in the Western states and housed in special bracero camps central to the area of work. His length of stay in the U.S. may last anywhere from forty-five days to a year or more. He is then returned to Empalme and finds his own way home from there.

In practice the system is open to every kind of abuse and corruption. Empalme is only part of the story, and it can be best told by a description of the usual activities of the day.

ONE SEES braceros everywhere in Empalme. They can easily be distinguished from the ordinary citizen even in Mexico; their dress, type of hat, general appearance—all make them stand out as farm laborers out of place in the city. As one approaches the street leading to the contracting center the crowd of men thickens. One might almost call it a carnival atmosphere, with vendors hawking their wares, some through loudspeakers, selling everything from plastic cases for documents to tortillas and tacos. Here and there a door cautiously opens and a gaudily dressed prostitute makes her presence known.

During the hours when the contracting center is open there may be anywhere from one thousand to ten thousand men standing or sitting on the ground outside the wire fence, waiting for their names to be called. Temperatures run close to 110° in the shade during the peak season and the weather is exceedingly humid, but each man must stand or sit in the sun and be on the spot in case his name is called. The waiting period may consist of days, weeks or months. One bracero interviewed said he had waited two months. Some may wait and never be called since, through fraud or chicanery, their names may not be on the list.

Because of this uncertain waiting period and because he is often "fleeced" while in Empalme, the bracero soon depletes his meager funds. He then becomes a desperate man, for he has nothing to eat and no means of getting home. Nor is there anyone to turn to, for too many others are in the same tragic need. In this situation he will usually try to find odd jobs or write home for money which his family may borrow at high rates of interest. One does not need to mention that this is also one reason there is so much petty thievery and an occasional major crime in Empalme.

Then there are the "libres." These are men who simply leave their pueblo without documentation in hopes that they may be hired at Empalme. A rumor may send them flocking from long distances. They have little hope of success and are probably the worst off. There were about a thousand of these waiting outside the wire gate the day I was inside the contracting center.

WHAT KIND of living conditions are available to the braceros? Where do they sleep? With five to ten thousand extra men in the small town there is obviously a problem. One sees taxis going around with offers of "domicilio" painted on their windows: for a consideration they will find you sleeping space. This does not necessarily mean a room; most likely the typical bracero will sleep on the floor of some room or courtyard which a town resident has made available for a peso. Even during the day one sees front porches thick with bodies of men, suggesting that there are day and night shifts. For sanitary facilities there is available only the acreage outside of town.

What about food and water? There are vendors of tortillas and tacos everywhere, and these can be bought cheaply. Water, however, is a precious commodity and sometimes has to be doled out or bought.

Well-armed soldiers are evident in all places; often a whole squad will go about in formation. This is, of course, necessary with such a large concentration of men. Occasionally they are forced to draw their bayonets against an unruly crowd. I saw them bundle off a bracero who started to argue with the man at the gate of the contracting center. It is understandable that a man who has stood for days in the hot sun, perhaps even longer, whose money has run out and who has eaten little, will become desperate when he is rejected. He is stranded and his mind is further burdened by the thought of a destitute family at home.

Outside the soldier-guarded building some four thousand braceros wait for that magic loudspeaker to call out their name. As a man's name is called he goes on the run from the gate of the wire fence to the desk where he shows identification; he then undergoes two interrogations, one by the U.S. Department of Labor and then one by the U.S. Immigration Service. This is rather quick if he has a "mica" or card stating that he has previously served a contract in the United States and has been recommended by his employer. If he has no "mica," he is screened to see if he is an undesirable alien.

The Immigration Service finds it almost impossible to do an adequate job here. All the man needs is a letter of recommendation and evidence that he is a

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farm worker. Such letters are often forged or bought and identification papers changed in accordance. The Service has neither the time nor the resources to make a thorough check in case of doubt. One Chinese Mexican came through that morning with no more than the letter of recommendation. The stack of crudely forged letters on the Immigration Officer's desk indicated that many more might have gone through undetected.

THE BRACERO has known nothing but poverty and hardship all his life. Yet this routine is an ordeal equal to any he has experienced before. The strain of the previous days in Empalme is visible in his drawn sunburnt face as he stands before the desk of the American representative. His hands often tremble as they are examined for the necessary callouses proving he is a farm worker. Here and there he is rejected because his hands are not rough enough.

One man, rejected on these grounds, still stood outside the gate an hour and a half later, dazed perhaps by the sudden turn of events and not knowing what to do. Another was rejected on the grounds that he had previously had a contract in the United States, but had only worked two weeks. He maintained the work had run out (in Texas), but the Immigration Officer judged there must have been some other reason and so turned him down. No time to make any further check.

Every day there is a certain quota of men that has been requested by the American farmers. One day it was twenty-five hundred. By noon eighteen hundred had been processed. At the end of the day there were still thousands of men standing outside the gate—these would try again the next day.

About half of the men on this day showed letters of recommendation from the "Comision de Control de Pizcadores de Algodon." Officially, Mexico has been running short of farm labor in cotton; therefore a Commission has been formed to insure the Mexican farmer a supply of labor. The incentive used is that any bracero who picks cotton for fifteen days receives the necessary letter to get him on the list. Wages for such work are, of course, very low, for it is considered a favor to the bracero to grant him this letter. It might be noted, however, that right next to the U.S. Contracting Center there is a huge Anderson and Clayton cotton plant (part of an American chain spreading through California and Arizona), and so it is not only the Mexican farmer who benefits.

One doesn't have to go to India to see the masses hungry and with no future. One can go to Empalme. As a theory, the system of importing workers from abroad to do emergency harvesting of crops and other work is defensible under certain conditions. Among these would be a wage that would not undermine that of domestic workers; it would include decent living and working conditions, collective bargaining, and the protection of their human rights.

But investigation is revealing that the system, as we have it today, is shot through with abuses. With some 500,000 Mexican braceros being imported into the United States yearly there are giant sums of money involved and there are too many hands in the till on both sides of the border. As an American labor system of eighteen years standing it does no credit to our country. And Empalme is only the beginning of the story. It continues in the United States.

THE ROCKEFELLERS

One Man's Family

by EDWARD L. ROUSSEAU

SOMEONE once observed that all sportswriters can be divided into the "gee whiz" and "ah nuts" varieties. In a higher division of journalism, William Manchester's recent *A Rockefeller Family Portrait* (Little, Brown. $3.95.) would have to be filed in the "gee whiz" category. Mr. Manchester does allow the case for the prosecution to appear from time to time; but, as in his delightful book on Mencken, he is emphatically for and not against his subject.

Mr. Rousseau, a member of the faculty at Marquette University, is a contributor to various American journals.

De Tocqueville mentioned a peculiarity and weakness of Americans: they are concerned with nothing between the most general principles and the narrowest particulars. And everywhere except on the highest level it is certainly a weakness of our scholarship that it deals either with brute fact or vague generalities. In American business history this tendency is even more marked. Here sources that have not been destroyed are opened only reluctantly and as a favor, and no one wishes doors slammed in his face. Since James Truslow Adams's phrase for America, "a busi-

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ness civilization," remains a defensible description, it is a pity that some balance between statistics on the one hand and moralistic denunciation or apology on the other should not yet have been reached.

Mr. Manchester's aim, however, is not a recounting of old scandals; it is the history of a revolution in public opinion from hostility to hearty acceptance of the Rockefellers and their money. Popular interest in this theme is due, of course, to Nelson Rockefeller's political career. Moreover, if the slick wing of the Republican party decides to force him on the Neanderthalers, and the fearless individuals roll over and play dead as they have at the last few conventions, Mr. Rockefeller would probably be easier to put over to the people than any Madison Avenue candidate except General Eisenhower.

Mr. Rockefeller's chances of the Presidency and Mr. Manchester's for a large and steady sale in the next few years depend on conditions beyond any individual's control. If national and international tendencies make a Republican victory likely, no one but Nixon may get a chance; if a Democratic landslide seems imminent, any Republican will lose anyhow. Depending on economic conditions, the New York governor's daring with regard to high taxes in his own state may or may not pay off in 1960.

But the fascinating point remains: what would have been inconceivable fifty years ago is true today—a Rockefeller heir is eminently available for the highest electoral position in the land. Whatever happens, this revolution in reputation will retain its interest as a problem for anyone interested in the development of American society. This change—from the times of John D. through those of John D., Jr. to Nelson and his brothers—presents what is at first sight a paradox. In the "Gilded Age" to which our right-wingers and many of the rest of us look back nostalgically, Standard Oil and all its works were covered with abuse. Today, when according to the same right-wingers collectivism and other un-Americanisms have done well-nigh their worst, the same fortune and its guardians are universally respected.

IT MIGHT be argued that the change is the result of a massive bribe—the family benefactions; John D. made the money, and his heirs gave it away. But this would be an over-simplification. Sneers at this and other examples of American generosity miss the point. It may be easy for the rich to be generous, but the experience of mankind shows that usually they are not. Absolutely speaking, the Americans give little to relieve the misery of the world—very little, indeed, if we measure the responsibility that is ours. But as compared to others we are generous. Furthermore, our level of comfort makes the fact more remarkable rather than less. It is hard for a man really to believe that anyone feels the lack of what he himself has.

The Rockefellers are not merely examples of American generosity; they have been pre-eminently generous. Millions all over the world have had their lives affected for the better. It is little wonder, then, that the tears for ruined competitors and slaughtered Colorado strikers have been wiped away—especially in an age that is comfortable for many, however transient and mortgaged the comfort may be. But here is no case of the good deed of the sons wiping out their father's sins.

For John D. Rockefeller himself gave fantastically, and though he did not fully discover the technique, tried to be efficient about it. No one who has read the fairer accounts would think him a hypocrite. The old man with his powerful mind and intellectual tunnel-vision was no doubt sincere in saying that all was right with his conscience. His accounts were well kept: God gave him the money, and he used it as God's trustee. But his bad press was emphatically not simply bad public relations that any good agency man, born before due time, could have cleared up with a fraction of the money used to found the University of Chicago. A publicity agent was hired, as a matter of fact, when the muckraking controversy was at its height.

A curious passage in Allan Nevin's biography of John D. shows how well aware the higher echelons in Standard Oil were that what was clear to the Deity couldn't be opened to all men. Dr. M. B. Anderson, a university president and professor wishing to write a favorable article, wrote asking assistance. At first Rockefeller himself seemed willing but was given the advice that while the information could be given the average man, a logical mind might press inquiries about some points so far back that it might be undesirable to answer. Even apologetic studies show that the phrase "tainted money" was by no means ridiculous.

Objectively speaking, the Standard Oil fortune certainly seems to have owed a great debt of restitution, and to discover all the particular individuals injured would have been like recovering the raw eggs from thousands of omelets. The same, however, could be said of many fortunes in the past and most great concentrations of power. History teaches us that, generally speaking, not even gestures at restitution were made. Nor were they by John D. He considered it his duty to give, and magnificently, but as the steward of great wealth, not as a penitent malefactor. Though the Rockefeller family in strength of character and inherent sense of dignity are far different from the other-directed character widely regarded as typical of us today, an enemy might say that an inability even to recognize the possibility of oneself being unjust, together with great generosity, is characteristically Amer-

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ican. If I'm not a good guy, what do words mean? is our attitude, and the thought—though not expression—might be the elder Rockfeller's.

An explanation of the Rockefeller black legend might be thought to be that it arose not in the Gilded Age, where money was king by divine right, but in the progressive decade of the muckrakers, so that the curve of their reputation, puzzling in spite of their benefactions, might seem less strange. That is, the age of reform wouldn't accept what the age of Ike does. True enough, the famous history of Standard Oil by Ida Tarbell dates from 1902, but the hatred of John D. is much older than that. Intellectual and literary attack began at least with Henry Demarest Lloyd's article published by William Dean Howells in an 1881 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Protest, largely rural outcries against the city-slicker, always existed. And before the Populist Revolt, caused by the agricultural disasters of the early nineties, were the Granger and Greenback movements of the seventies. No, the God-fearing business men were never quite at ease in Sion. There was always a fundamental ambiguity about their position.

WHENEVER plutocracy comes, an attempt at the welfare state will probably never be far away. For without a high degree of social organization, great commercial wealth cannot exist at all. The rugged individualist forgets that it is only where there is a greater concentration of public power than most cultures and ages have known that he can survive. Plato saw something similar long ago. In his account of the degeneration to which city-states are subject in the *Republic,* plutocracy is succeeded by democracy, and we can divine his reasons. Let the protection of wealth once be established as the good in a community, and the result is obvious: any man can see why he should not be as moral or as brave as everybody else —virtue and physical courage are all very well in their way but their disadvantages are obvious. We cannot, however, so readily see why we should not be as rich as anybody else or why anyone should have more than our deserving selves. So where wealth is the standard, the drive to share it will be present. And if great fortunes are to exist, the governmental power that protects them will be strong enough to distribute them.

Even in the Gilded Age, the attitude of Americans was ambiguous toward money-making on a large scale. While it was—and to some extent still is—a kind of categorical imperative drummed into every boy that he should make all the money he could, folk wisdom taught that no man ever made a million dollars honestly.

A study from the same viewpoint might be made of juvenile reading. In a boys' series of the twenties, along with books on famous soldiers, sailors, and frontiersmen, there was *A Famous Captain of Industry*. One boy I know, who read even the Department of Agriculture report for 1877 with gusto, never felt his desire stirred by this title. Almost certainly it had few readers. Even the Alger books of an earlier age, regarded as the perfect type of the American myth, are really picaresque novels purged of lewdness rather than accounts of how money is actually acquired. The Robber Barons that boys admired in the eighties and nineties were Frank and Jessie James, not Astor, Vanderbilt, or the then contemporary John D.

In any case, universal acceptance of money-making as an end did not prevent red-hot anger against the successful money-maker, who was never accepted with full emotional satisfaction as a hero. In fact, not minimizing for a moment the impact of injuries and injustice, success almost guaranteed envy in the days when money ruled absolutely. But the rise in general comfort, a decline in competitive urge, and the partial suppression of the more obvious abuses would have given rise in time to a more kindly feeling toward the Rockefellers even without their charities. After all, other wealthy dynasties, including those who have to all appearances done nothing more for the common good than the most stingy French bourgeois, are regarded with no more than mild dislike.

The taint wore off, one is glad to say, from John D. himself, as well as his heirs. He spent his last years during a crisis of the capitalistic system, but he was generally popular. People who were ignorant enough to believe that dimes were all he had ever given away showed amusement rather than indignation about his stinginess. Accident had its part in bringing about this Indian Summer; nothing adds to a contemporary reputation like longevity. Length of days is the only good generally desired that is not envied, since none but the saints are really convinced that they will themselves die.

The point of immediate interest, though, is that the taint is now forgiven and forgotten. To the Governor of New York, the name he bears and the wealth he inherited are, astonishingly, merely two of his many advantages.

AN APPEAL

Sheets, towels and bandages are urgently needed at Bishop Soegipranata's hospital in Jogjakarta. Cloth is so expensive there that tree bark has been used for bandaging. Postal rates are cheapest for packages weighing up to two pounds three ounces, which should be labeled "small package" and have one end left unsealed. It is advisable to send them registered mail. Address: Panti Rapih Hospital, Tirban Taman 30, Jogjakarta, Indonesia.

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THAT'S OUR BOY

SHOWMANSHIP has been the perennial excuse for every form of T.V. dishonesty. But while showmanship has traditionally been concerned with honest illusion, T.V. has committed its worse sins when it has emphasized "sincerity."

The T.V. comedian is not a fake when he satirizes another performer. He forfeits his claim to respect only when he tells you, in a breathless "serious" moment at the end of the show, that the fellow he has just satirized is one of the people he admires most in this world. The huckster shouting the claims of a particular tobacco may be hard to take but he is a model of integrity compared to the "beloved" T.V. figure who ostentatiously throws the script away and gives you his word of honor that the company which pays his salary puts out just about the best darned smoke on the market. T.V. is most dishonest when it is most "sincere."

But have not we, the public, encouraged this spurious "sincerity" and in doing so haven't we spread the corruption throughout American life? Bad as the quiz-show fixes were, for example, some of the public reaction to them was much worse.

Charles Van Doren through an ironic twist of fate has clearly been the scapegoat not only for his own sins but for the sins of others as well. Because he won more fame through the hoax than anyone else, his dishonesty has been more steadily publicized. I take no relish in adding to his troubles at this time. Yet it is necessary to say it: I think that Van Doren did his greatest mischief and was guilty of the most shameful abuse of public confidence, not when he accepted money under false pretenses, but when he made his belated confession to the investigating committee.

That confession was a masterpiece of meretricious "sincerity." It was "humble" in the approved T.V. manner, and it reeked with pride. It was brutally candid about some but not all the sordid facts of the case; at the same time it shrewdly preserved the image of Van Doren as a devoted intellectual and lover of people. While it was supposed to represent the unburdening of a guilty conscience, it was a plea not for Christian mercy but for sentimental sympathy.

When Van Doren finished his testimony one Congressman tearfully thanked him and magnanimously wished him every success for the future. On his taped "Today" show Dave Garroway broke down completely when he came round to discussing the case, so deeply touched was he by Charlie's ordeal. That might have been passed off as nothing more significant than the slobberiness of a theatrical performer. But what can the network say about its decision to go ahead and show the program, breakdown and all, some hours later? Garroway's grief was fully exploited, and I suppose it was exploited in the name of "sincerity," as everything else is. A group of Columbia students demonstrated on campus in an effort to have the university recall Van Doren to its ivy halls. The magazine he works for, just about ready to come out with its first issue, took advantage of the publicity and promoted him.

A very common reaction was that Charlie only did what you or I might have done, had we been given the same golden opportunity. All of which nobody can deny. We are all teetering on the tightrope of virtue at all times and most of us are scared to death to throw rocks at adulteresses for fear that someone will start writing words in the sand. But has not the corruption reached down pretty deep in American life when the kind of confession Van Doren made, with its shrewd plea for exculpation, is so generally effective?

Seven years ago when it was revealed that a Vice-Presidential candidate had been receiving regular checks from a group of his wealthy constituents, serious consideration was given to the proposition that he should be asked to resign from the Republican ticket. But Mr. Nixon beat the rap. He went on the air for the most "sincere" half hour in television history. He invoked the virtues of marriage, parenthood, hard work and honest ambition in his own favor and wound up by stating flatly that no one was going to take his little dog Checkers away from his two little girls. Then, in a final burst of "sincerity," he asked the people to help the Republican National Committee make up its mind about the future of Dick Nixon. The people apparently loved this brand of "sincerity," for they deluged Republican headquarters with "keep Dick" telegrams. It was not long before General Eisenhower himself got the message. Though he had originally been cool to the idea of Nixon's remaining on his hound's-tooth ticket, the telegrams warmed him up. The next time he met his running mate he embraced him fondly with "That's my boy!"

Charles Van Doren did not bring his child's dog into his performance, but he did bring his books, his love of literature and dedication to the scholarly life. Nor did he forget the millions of little people who had been his friends. In fact it was a letter from one of them (as well as a subpoena from the investigating committee) which convinced him he should not keep on committing perjury or, as he put it, giving "testimony that was not in accord with the facts."

Van Doren was taking a long chance, but it is just possible that it will work. We may all yet be hailing him as "our boy". JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

IN SUM

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE," the Shavian "fantasia on English themes in the Russian manner," has been mounted after twenty years of not entirely undeserved neglect. Something is radically infirm about this misalliance of temperaments, and while any intelligent life must find space for one experience of it, I do not imagine room need be found for more. Mr. Harold Clurman, who shows to less than excellence among these galaxies of theatrical glamour, has directed a production that is loud, not a little mannered, and fatal to any intimations of moral severity.

"At the Drop of a Hat" offers two dotty Englishmen in a carnival of baroque animals and Edwardian conceits: Betjeman *cum* Dame Edith Sitwell, as it were, and how do you like your syllabub?

"The Miracle Worker" is an instance of how sincerity, a fundamental image of human worth, and a certain passion may carry emotional matter into something very like art. Mr. William Gibson's play is not that: neither is it an important event in our theater, nor even a very "serious" one. It affords, however, the occasion for a discharge of wholly honorable feelings, and as such, doubtless moves well within the stream of contemporary sensibility.

"The Tenth Man" reduces the archaic memory and racial vehemence of that terrible legend of possession by a Dybbuk to another of Mr. Paddy Chayefsky's demonstrations of love as therapy. The innovation of the play is to counterpoint its passionate echoes with a chorus of bourgeois Jewish idioms, but the rhythm is artificial, and the whole somehow subtly wanting in taste and authenticity.

"The Three Sisters" returns Mr. David Ross to the proper concerns of Chekhov, but he has smeared the *pointillisme* of this most arduous and exacting tragedy, allowed its myriad poetic motifs to dwindle into solipsism, and rudely heightened the event as "theater." Still, the play remains a central document of modern culture, one of art's most austere peaks, and hence a permanent reward of any season.

"The Girls Against the Boys" permits Miss Nancy Walker only a limited occasion for her resistential combat with the world of immutable objects, but when the moment invites, her relish is palpable. She is joined by the baying Mr. Bert Lahr, *soigné* in a velvet smoking-jacket as Mr. Nabokov's celebrated Humbert Humbert, and spectacularly lurid as a superannuated rock-and-roller. What the evening misses—in addition to the musical pitch of several lugubrious singers—is a sublime dissolution into bedlam: imagine, if you will, the lost delight of Miss Walker *as* the "mag-

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nificent nymphet" of Mr. Lahr's fancies? Or this blackout image proposed to me by a friend: the drawing room of the White House in stately readiness, the social cream curdling with anticipation: then a moment of awe as the doors are thrown open and the Mme. K. of Miss Walker appears, surveys the company and, with undistracted gravity, crosses to greet her hostess, the maid. RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

WHAT THE WAVE BROUGHT

IN FRANCE a "new wave" of directors is creating quite a stir. The first splashes of this wave to wash over to this country deserve some comment.

François Truffaut, a French film critic whose acid reviews win him more enemies than friends, wasn't afraid to stick his neck out in his first movie. He produced, directed and (with Marcel Moussy) wrote "The 400 Blows," an impressive study of the wandering of a twelve-year-old boy into delinquency. Under Truffaut's realistic direction, little Jean-Pierre Leaud plays this lead role in an unsentimental, almost dead-pan manner that becomes all the more effective as the boy makes mistake after mistake and drifts into crime without really knowing what he is doing. Throughout a series of beautifully photographed incidents, some humorous and some grim, the unguided kid, for whom everything seems to go wrong, can't tell the difference between being a mischievous, naughty boy and a criminal. But the law can; and when the police nab him, his mother, who's busy with a lover, his annoyed foster-father and his strict, unsympathetic schoolteacher give up in despair. After being thrown in jail with drunks, prostitutes and common criminals, he is sent to an observation center for delinquent minors, where the lonely boy is even more convinced that he's unloved and unwanted.

Truffaut has directed his picture with the clinical coldness of a case history; and because the script is quiet about several relevant facts until the psychologists work on the boy at the observation center, audience sympathy, in spite of young Leaud's good performance, goes out very slowly to the hapless boy. Strangely enough, Jean Constantin's background music for all this is rather light and pleasantly tinkly for so relentless a story. More than condemning even the delinquent elders, Truffaut asks who is to blame and ends his film with a quite heart-breaking finale.

LOUIS MALLE, another "new wave" French director, is also cold and aloof from the story he is telling in "The Lovers." It is a strange story, and Malle neither condones nor condemns; in fact, it is hard to tell whether he expects us to take it seriously. The screenplay, which Malle wrote from Dominique-Vivant's novel *Point de Lendemain,* starts out like a true-confession tale about a Dijon wife who, feeling neglected by her journalist husband, goes often to Paris ostensibly to visit a girl friend but actually to be with her handsome lover. Hurrying back to Dijon one day and hoping to get home before the arrival of the girl friend and lover (invited at the insistence of the jealous husband), the wife is picked up by a young archeologist when her car breaks down. Although indifferent to the charms of the intrigued woman, he takes her to her home; and when he turns out to be a friend of a friend, he too is invited by the husband to spend the night. After a bickering and sinister dinner session, the guests and hosts retire to their separate rooms—except for the young man, who strolls on the grounds and encounters the sleepless wife. They fall in love almost immediately and scurry off to her room for the longest, most frank and intimate sex sequence ever shown in a movie. And the next morning, to the astonishment of everyone, they leave together.

Just what director-writer Louis Malle had in mind is not entirely clear. It is possible that he may have been kidding his audience by using this sometimes tedious story only as an excuse for the shots of the love-making. In any case, he has gone embarrassingly beyond the bounds of good taste.

"Les Amants," as it was called in Paris—and even with the blasé French it stirred up quite a fuss—tries like everything to be artistic and poetic, and quite often it succeeds. It has stunning photography of the beautiful Dijon house and estate. And it has a good cast, although I found Jeanne Moreau almost too flat and boring as the bored, restless wife. Jose-Luis de Villalonga is properly good-looking as the polo-playing Parisian lover; and Jean-Marc Bory is simple and unaffected as the young triumphant lover whose sense of humor seems to be his greatest asset. Alain Cuny makes the busy journalist-husband the most attractive of the three men, causing one to wonder how on earth the wife can give up him and their daughter.

Director Malle, although impatient with convention, seldom injects himself into his film. He stands off and presents his characters and their behavior—but at the very end, after the wife has run off with her young lover and they stop for breakfast on their uncertain journey, Malle allows a moment of pity, when the woman sees a child who reminds her of her daughter.

Each in his way, these two young directors in France's "new wave," Truffaut and Malle, are commenting on the responsibilities of elders. Both could have done better: Truffaut by drawing the audience into his analytical case history, and Malle by being less obvious in his erotic hymn. But we shall see.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Human Wills and the Grace of God

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. By Morris L. West. William Morrow. $3.95.

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

ONE OF the characters in *The Devil's Advocate* answers a skeptical liberal, who has chased ideals all his life and has raised only contention and ridicule among those he has tried to help. When he disdains religion as a pat escape he is told: "The Church understands doubt and teaches that faith is a gift, not to be acquired by either reason or merit." Each act, he says, accepts or rejects this faith: decisions of the will to which one is aided but not forced. This enigmatic doctrine of faith, grace and free will is the theme of Morris West's excellent, accurate, and dramatic novel. It is stated in a kind of parry between two men, both convinced of its reality; one come lately to the mystery, the other, perhaps a little stale to it; both desiring God greatly; both facing the culmination of personal moral crises.

The first is a dead man, whose struggle is told in flashback, whose cause for beatification has been introduced. The other is an English Monsignor, the Promoter of the Faith, the "devil's advocate," who comes to the small, impoverished southern Italian village where the other had spent the last year of his life. This Monsignor, on the surface a desiccated pedant with the dust of libraries on his heart, is facing his own death imminently, and his highly intelligent, sensitive and disappointed mind is ridden with guilt. He is farther from understanding the mystery and paradox than he was twenty years ago; he can not step behind the forms and conventions and enter into a direct personal relationship with God or his fellows, can show no scars, count no good and rue no evil.

The relationship between the two men, one the investigator, the other the subject, makes a suspenseful story in which one man, painfully aware that his life has been spent on the mere records of men which can not add a "jot to their felicity, or a single pain to their damnation," discovers another man who found God late and pulled out of the chaos of his life. The man whom he uncovers, a deserter from the British army, left behind him a bastard son, a reputation for selflessness and compassion, a posthumous renown as an occasion of miracles; he was the subject of great love and some contention, and he died before a firing squad for his principles. Nothing here to recommend beatification, for certain. Actions, no matter how benevolent, must be morally motivated to have moral worth. The evidence is that this man, who called himself Giacomo Nerone, was a man of integrity, but sanctity implies a call to greater heroism, with special graces, none of which man can attain on his own.

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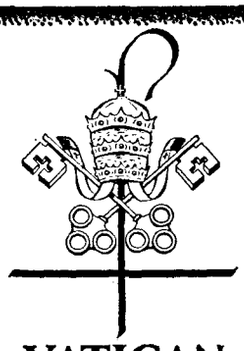

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Monsignor Meredith, struggling with his own personal moral battles, and with the complexities of the case, is aware that he himself must very soon be called to judgment. As he proceeds with the investigation, he encounters the people who knew Nerone best: the agnostic doctor who had betrayed him for mistaken ideals; his mistress, a magnificent peasant woman; an old corrupt, simple and pathetic priest; the jealous and neurotic local *padrona;* his adolescent son who is in danger of being corrupted by an English painter; and the last, the painter, who rails against God and man out of the depths of his own agony. Each character is an element of mystery in himself, in relation to the mystery of Nerone's life, and in relation to the mystery of the Monsignor's spiritual decisions.

In this many-leveled study, it is the intellectual English prelate who is at the center of the drama, and within whose soul the central mystery is displayed. It is he, finally, who pleads with God for these people and for the help to find in himself the love that he preaches, that will be his salvation in the few months left, against the "straw" of his life—"the mystery of the universe reduced to a scholastic syllogism inside his skull case." Need is the beginning of love and this man, who says of himself that he has never hungered for anything, for whom the sacrifices of the religious life were not hard, now starves for love, human and Divine. The drama unfolds as the man who had spent his life being precise and passionless now slowly bends his personality and will to the compassion and charity that is his true vocation and final peace. As he confronts each soul, he leans on the accumulating evidence of the goodness and love of Nerone. And so the culminations of the final struggles of the two men are unfolded before us as a kind of counterpoint, a marvelous bowing of human wills to the grace of God.

In the end, Meredith is convinced that Nerone enjoyed a truly spiritual conversion, renounced all material preoccupations, and died in

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the Faith in the attitude of martyrdom. Meredith wills his life for the other man's charges, faces his God, demands a miracle, feels the human urgency of love, and dies, in the attitude of martyrdom.

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Mixed Report

THE WAR LOVER. By John Hersey. Knopf. $5.

By NORA MAGID

JOHN HERSEY, fifteen years ago, wrote a good book about the reactions to war of "a good man, though weak in certain attractive, human ways." He has now written another about a second good man who cannot hate those he fights nor truly love those he guards. Up to a point, the faults as well as the theme were implicit in *A Bell for Adano*: the sentimentality, the overt stylistic manipulation, but also a genuine emotion born out of the immediacy of combat, and something honest and moral about the nature of authority and aggression and love and loneliness. Further, by imposing control over his narrative, Hersey was able to tame his apparent taste for corn, and to superimpose the simplicity of fable. The reader was frequently addressed directly in the expository sections, and such phrases were used as "And so it happened that. . . ."

This second war book, long after the fact and lacking in both emotional immediacy and toughness, is disappointing. Because Mr. Hersey is a b r i l l i a n t journalist whose moral sense obviously functions, he cannot manage a thoroughly dreadful performance, but a flamboyant failure might have had the vitality that the present novel lacks.

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The three main characters have less reality than those dream children of Lamb's. Charles Boman, the young narrator, is a man of peace, with a taste for morbid introspection. He mooningly regards himself in the mirror and asks what it is all for. He considers the dinosaur and its fate, and decides that for all that his own brain is grapefruit- rather than walnut-sized, he might, in his Flying Fortress, "just as well be a tooth in a leather-winged pterosaur." From wanting, à la Ayn Rand, to look up, up, up, he comes eventually to understand that for man, real freedom is, after all, on the ground, and not in the sky, war-making.

Bo's human contacts are two. Daphne, his English girl, is an insubstantial nymphomaniac, in love with her own face. She spends a good deal of time patting and fluffing her hair, and smiling gaily at her own image. "Her sincerely hospitable face as it met its twin in the small round mirror almost [said], 'Oh, it's you! Delighted to see you, my dear.' " Aimlessly, she wanders from man to man—"I want to be fought over. I want to cause a war"—but for Bo she serves another function. She is his analyst, his confessor. He tells her everything, and, sneaking hungry looks at herself while she listens, she explains to him the meaning of that particular experience. This is a grand, if monotonous, vehicle for plot development. Each time Bo hesitatingly blurts out his reactions to Daphne, the story moves in terms of flashback and prognosis.

Bo's real problem is his pilot, Buzz Marrow, the war-lover of the title. "He held the wheel the way he'd hold a martini glass and a butt when he thought he was snowing a dame." Buzz is a combat genius whose relationship with his plane, *The Body,* is clearly erotic. Bo, who spends all his own flying hours contemplating this tough number, finally sees that it is not all a game. But Marrow is a bore, an overgrown, rude, stupidly obsessed kid, and one wonders why Bo or anyone else should give him a second thought. Certainly he is insufficiently realized to provide focus for dramatic conflict. "I like," he snaps at Daphne, "the work we're doing. Boman here and I belong to the most destructive group of men in the history of the world. That's our work."

The trouble is, of course, that this is not Bo's work. Basically, in spite of some complexities, he is another Major Joppolo. Bo must finally realize that Marrow and Marrow's ship are not inviolable. The war-lover, who whoops orgiastically and primitively when he seems to defy death, is really in love with it. In the final crisis it is Bo, the passive one, who proves resilient.

There are some engrossing scenes in the book: descriptions of flying and of mood—for instance, the momentary sense of community that engulfs ten men in a plane, who, under normal circumstances would never willingly spend time together. But the humor and the humanity of Hersey's own earlier work are missing. He could use a shot of the rude vigor of a Mailer or a Jones to counteract his own pretentiousness.

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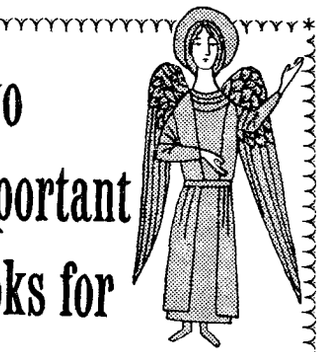

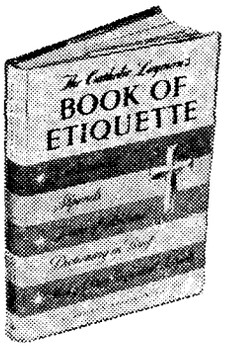

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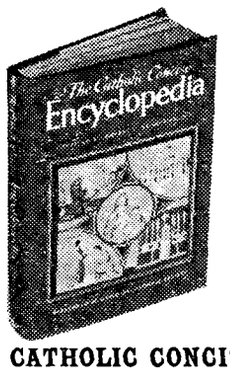

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Naked Realism

GO NAKED IN THE WORLD. By Tom T. Chamales. Scribner's. $4.95.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

BETWEEN the reading of Mr. Chamales' book and the writing of this notice, I happened to pick up an old issue of the *Paris Review* in which an interview with Dorothy Parker was published. During the interview Miss Parker was asked if she was still writing short stories; she replied: "I'm trying now to do a story that's purely narrative. I think narrative stories are the best, though my past stories make themselves stories by telling themselves through what people say. I haven't got a visual mind. I hear things. But I'm not going to do those he-said she-said things any more, they're over, honey, they're over. I want to do the story that can only be told in the narrative form, and though they're going to scream about the rent, I'm going to do it."

As I read *Go Naked In The World,* the dullness of the he-said she-said things became most obvious. In fact, after reading the whole book, and skipping less than I should have, I agree with Miss Parker completely. Page on page on page of Chamales' book is filled with he-saids she-saids varied every so often with "he said in that half sardonic way of his" and she said (or spoke) "composedly but nevertheless remotely"—and, by the way, the need for "nevertheless" in the last quotation escapes me. One can not read *Go Naked In The World* for many pages without concluding that Mr. Chamales is a most clumsy writer.

But clumsiness is venial, so it is said. If a man has something important and original to express, a reader is disposed to ignore his so-called minor faults. Mr. Chamales, so far as I can make out, has nothing original or important to say. With one exception, his characters are trite; his story is altogether dull; and the emotions he seeks to express and elicit are banal.

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The one character in the book that provokes some interest is Old Pete Stratton, the father of the would-be hero, Nick Stratton, who is neither hero nor anti-hero but a candidate for mediocrity. Had Mr. Chamales written a short, predominantly narrative novel about Old Pete Stratton, he might well have provided his readers with two or three hours entertainment. He didn't.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to examine the book in detail, but I'd like to give an opinion on why such books as this (and there are a great number of them, I'm told) come to be written and published. Ten years or so ago, it was fashionable for some writers, many editors and a great majority of those who get paid to teach young men and women how to write "creatively" to say out loud and in quotes, though who said it first I don't know, "don't tell it; show it." People were scanning Joyce's *Portrait of An Artist as a Young Man* and getting quite a lot of his version of the Thomistic esthetic. Everyone talked about "epiphanies," which was soon translated into "moments of truth." To reach these "moments of truth" you had to show it, not tell it. Well, it takes more words to show something than to narrate it, and in the hands of a writer who takes his instructors too seriously, that need to show things often degenerates into the he-said she-said dullness which Dorothy Parker mentioned.

In this context, it is interesting to remark that when Nick Stratton of *Go Naked In The World* settled down to the writing of his first novel, he also began to read ". . . . with a fanaticism, *never for story*, but always for how emotion and effect had been obtained." (My emphasis.) That's the trouble, not only with Chamales but with a great many writers of his generation.

REVIEWERS

Alice Ellen Mayhew, a regular reviewer, is now in France studying at the Sorbonne.

Nora Magid is a member of the staff of *The Reporter*.

Thomas F. Curley, a regular contributor, is a New York novelist and critic.

a single year's effect on the modern world

1859 in review

A Single Year's Effect on the modern World

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